

# BRITANNIA'S TRIUMPH

1<sup>st</sup> Humbly Address'd to His most Sacred Majesty

# WILLIAM III.

Upon the Consummation of a general

# PEACE.

20 Oct. 1697

**T**O You, Great Prince, *Britannia* do's Address  
Her Thanks, for what You've sent her, Joy, and Peace,  
Debauch'd with Ease, our Arms neglected lay,  
Nor knew to Victory their *Ancient* way,  
Till You, like a new *Genius*, did inspire  
Vigour and Heat, to Animate that *Fire*,  
Which once, when *England's* Honour was its *Gaule*,  
Did thro' the World in Shining Triumph ride:  
By You Reviv'd, it now Triumphs again  
O'er Vanquish'd Cities, and the Conquer'd Main  
At Your Command Tumultuous Battles cease,  
And *Europe* courts the Hand that gives her Peace,  
*Leve* himself foreseeing Your Advance,  
Egan to doubt the Safety of his *France*;  
And that he might the desperate Game retrieve,  
Submissive *Sue* for what he'd seem to Give.  
To distant Coasts our fearless Merchants Trade,  
Of no false Colours, nor *French* Ships afraid,  
With prosperous Gales their forward Hopes are blest,  
And *England* drains the Riches of the *East*,  
Successful Plenty crowns *Patria's* Toil,  
And Peaceful *Halcyons* brood around our Isle.  
Blest Prince! How high do our Engagements rise!  
How shoud we such a *Daring Monarch* prize  
Who the World's *Scale* has to its *Standard* brought,  
And taught us how our Great Fore-Fathers Fought!  
Your own *Augusta* now prepares to meet  
Her Lord, and lay her Trophies at His Feet.  
To You she owes All she Enjoys, to You  
Her dear dear, Peace, and Happiness are due,  
No Nation's Joy from two such Fountains springs,  
The *World's* Joy, and the Best of *KINGS*.